

THE
LAST WILL and TESTAMENT

Of the late Deceased

French Jackanaps,

Who was wont to attend the BEARS :

With certain Instructions to succeeding
English APES.

Published to prevent the counterfeiting the said
Will and Testament;

And to obviate the false Slanders of such who maliciously
give out, That he dyed Intestate.

*Taken in Short-hand by a Zealous Scribe, who used formerly
to take Sermon Notes out of the grave Mouthes of Father
Hugh Peters and Father Venner.*

L O N D O N :

Printed for May-day, and are to be sold
in Hide-Park, 1661.

1. m. 1661
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of the
French Jackknives
1661

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English A.P.S.

Published to prevent the counterfeiting the said
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43.

And to obviate the 66 Shams of such who maliciously
give out, That he had Jackanaps.

554.

Taken in spirit-bound by a Zealous Scribe, who used formerly
to take German Notes out of the grave Mouth of Father
Hugh Peters and Father Vane.

LOXDOX:

Printed for (M^dg^d), and are to be sold
in Hyde Park. 1661.

The Last VVill and Testament of
the late deceased *French fach-*
nap's, who was wont to attend the
Bears, &c.

First, for my Executor I do hereby appoint my
well-beloved Kinsman and Patron the Taylor
that went over to *France* to make Cloathes
there, for his Customers here, in order to
the approaching solemnity, whom I also appoint to
carry my Bones, when I have paid my tribute to
death, back into *France*, and inter them solemnly
amongst the *French*, we being the ancient Inhabi-
tants of that Nation (according to the most worm-
eaten Records and Antiquities were ever retrieved by
Selden and *Camden* those rat-crobbing Antiquaries)
from whence they unto this day borrow their Mimi-
cal gestures, Apish airiness in garb and countenance.
As for my ridiculous Conversation and Courtship
affected, I bequeath to most of our new-returnd
Travellers, and to all such who would be thought so,
that never travelled further then to *bansted downs* to
a Horse-race, or as furthest to meet the King at *Dover*,
all whom I leave to be countenanced and admired by
your now Madams, who give the preminence to our

Cringing Family, and the more that Gentlemen participate of our Nature, the more accomplished Persons and Courtiers they account them, for which Sisterly conceipt and opinion, we intail to their children the perfections onely of dancing, dopping forced face-grinning, called smiling, talking idly, complementing, running dog, mad in love, hugging their Mistresses Gloves, fetching and carrying like Spaniels, of being bred up Dunces, Asses, and Puppets, with a strong Antipathy to all Learning and Arts.

As for the itch of my Tayl, I bequeath to stale Chamber-maids, Green-sicknesfed Wenches, to most of your zealous sisters poach'd in the Geneva Pipkin, and high Capon-fed Citizens wives, and old Ladies that continue to patch and paint after fifty.

As for my activity I bequeath to the *French* Nation, beside many other of my personal Qualities and Endowments, and also to Dancing Masters, Dancers on the Ropes, Jack-puddings, such as show feates of activity, &c.

And to such as savour nothing but what is *French* in diet, habit, deportment, and all other things I do bequeath my Braines, beside my natural aptness to imitate any thing that is ridiculous.

The nimbleness of my hands and fingers in turning over hair by hair, and looking of heads, I bequeath to *French* Tire-women especially, and all such that dress Ladies heads, and manage their hair *a la mode*, with a tedious whole-mornings labour, which in the afternoons is to be seen, and set to the view into the bargain, with the Playes, at the new Theater, and other Play-houses.

My

My Courage and Valour I bequeath to young
 Carpet-Knights, and such White-Bread and Butter
 Soldiers that never know any other *hardship*, but a
 Feather-bed, no want of provision, but a Caudle in
 the morning, or *Focalsers*, no *Caladums*, but a noise
 of Fiddlers, no skirmishes but with Ladies on Couches
 and Day-beds, no Batteries but what they have made
 in Tavern windows, no *Sieges* but ever Close-stools,
 no Wounds but Patches and flash Doublets, have
 handled no Arms but Ladies Bookins, Busks and
 Fans, fired no Guns but Tobacco-pipes, ride no Hor-
 ses but a hunting, commanded no Partles but a pack
 of Hounds, stormed no breaches but what Nature in
 the kinder sort of women has laid open to them, plant-
 ed no Ordinance but volleys of Bumbast comple-
 ments, drawn no Lines but about Petticoats, led no
 Soldiers but their Lacqueys, lay on no Guards but on
 the Counters for night-walking; know no *Tat Tones*
 but a lusty dose to bedwards, no *Parades* but dressing
 themselves, no *Patrols* but from Bawdy-house to
 Bawdy-house.

As for my Cap and Feather, Jacket, and my other
 waring Habilliments Cap a pe, I leave to the City
 Taylors to cut out the next summers fashion by, with-
 out the unnecessary charge of sending into *France*
 for Patterns.

Many other things I have to bestow, which I leave to
 the petty maungy *French* Traders, Handicraft-men,
 and women who swarm over into *England*, to be pro-
 miscuously disposed to those that shall think fit to
 share in my *Legacies*.

As for my Epitaph, I desire it may be written in
French,

French, and if any modern Poet shall be pleased to make mournful Ballads of me, I desire they may be sung to shrill *French* tunes, in consort with a Flagelet.

To my Successors I shall only leave these Injunctions of a dying Ape, whose origine, 'tis true, was from *France*, but his breeding and bringing up still in *England*, but alwayes after the *French* fashion.

First, I enjoyne you to have your *French* Tutors, *French* Dancing-masters, *French* Lacqueys, *French* Cooks, and if ye chance to have yong Apes, to provide *French* Women, and *French* Nurses to attend them, lest they should degenerate from our race, so will they learn the *French* Tongue, the *French* impudence, the *French* levity, the *French* lechery, and all other *French* fantastique manners, without endangering your pretty Baby, in Forraign travail, or divorcing them from the sucking-bosle at home, and the breasts of their tender mothers.

Secondly, let all your Cloathes come out of *France*, or be made here by *French* Taylors, 'tis no matter if they be Botchers, such who in *France*, their own Country, could never earn oyl and vineger to the grass and herbs they pick up in fields on free cost, to cramb their horse-sallat devouring maws with, nay not so much as salt to their onions, and stinking butter to sme their Toad-stools, yet here they pay for rare needle-shop-board Artists, although in *France* they wrought in lowlie stalls, in petty Villages to Country Peasants, and but our more higher work then Canvass Doublets, and Canvass Breaches, perhaps might foot Stockings, if any were worn in that Village, which is not usual.

Thirdly,

Thirdly, let all your Periwigs and Bands be brought out of *France*, although they be made of horse tails, and cobbled on a cap like shrimps on a map. Let thy Gloves too come from thence, although so monstrously unshaped, as if they had been cut out with a Fletcher, not Sifters, and seem'd like a sack with large stitches, and needle of a Harrows-maker, not of a Glover, and be sure to buy nothing else, either for ornament or ware, but what is pryed up for *French*.

Fourthly, let nothing please your eyes but *French* bravery, *French* shows, and all other objects appropriate to that sense, nothing please your ears but *French* Musique, *French* voices, &c. Nothing your taste but *French* Gills, *French* Dishes, *French* Sauces, &c. Nothing your smell but *French* Odours, nothing your touch but *French* women, and finally, let nothing please your understanding but *French* follies.

Fifthly, keep no good nor open house, as the ancient *Geopry* were formerly wont to do in *England*, but embrace the *French* parsimonie. Let your Kitchins be chafin-dishes, and your Butteries a few bottles of *Vin de Paris*, with whole pailsful of water. Give your Families slender board-wages, let them shift for their livings, and feed sparingly, so will they be a less burthen to the rails of your Coaches, which usually carries the whole Family behind them, beside an old woman to look to the house at home, with this provident thrift may the charge of wood, coal, and Chimny-sweeping be saved, and no scraps and offals prodigally cast away to dogs and beggars at the gates,

gates, only the crooked nosed naked *French* little dog, my Lady pampers, is to make up the second at the upper end of the Table, and feed in the same dish.

But alas! I feel the pangs of death upon me (else I had many other things and instructions to munde you of) and the breath going from me, which I do here bequeath to all those men or women of the *English* Nation, who daily plead in praise of the *French*, and of their fashions, and customs, to the disparagement of their own native Country, from whence they receive their breath and nourishment. And it would not be amiss that all those who are so much for employing *French*, and for fighting, villifying, and despising their own Country-men, might have all their Beefs and Muttons, which this Island in such plenty afford, fetched out of *France*; and sold here at dear rates for their *Bellies*; since they let the *French* gain so much by their *back*.

With this he bow'd his head, kiss'd his paw, heaved up his shoulders, gave a *French* shrug, and expired.



FINIS

